

JEST NUTS

Grasped the Opportunity.
Tess—"Mr. Saphead gave you a camera for your birthday, didn't he?"
Jess—"Yes, and we took it with us on our stroll through the country yesterday. Oh, what do you think? He proposed to me—actually flopped down on his knees and—"
Tess—"What did you say?"
Jess—"Why, I said: 'Look pleasant, please, and I do hope the picture will turn out well.'"

Some Good Shooting.
"Any good shooting on your farm?" asked a sportsman of a farmer.
"Splendid," replied the agriculturist; "there's a canvasser man down in the clover meadow, a pedlar at the house, a county board candidate out in the barn, and two tramps down in the stackyard. Climb right up over the fence, young man, load both barrels and sail in."

Knew One of Them.
"Of course, Mr. Sophomore, you are familiar with all the great plays," remarked Miss Kulcher. "Now, do you consider Goldsmith's as clever as Sheridan's?"
"Goldsmith?" replied Sophomore. "He must belong to some minor college. Why, there isn't another half back in the country that can touch Sheridan of our 'Varsity.'"

A Break.
"I couldn't help remarking, Mr. Bull," said the girl who was forever fishing for compliments, "what a nice confidential chat you were having with Miss Kulcher. I fear you'll find me dull by comparison."
"Not at all," replied Mr. Bull. "It will be a positive relief to talk to a girl who is not clever—that is—er—lovely weather, isn't it?"

Cool.
"Are you going to make a fuss about a little thing like this?" asked the woman who was found shoplifting.
"We are obliged to take action," answered the proprietor of the department store.
"Humph! You ought to be glad I'm no Mrs. Chadwick!"—Washington Star.

A Proverb Disproved.
"Weary."
"Wot is it, Willy?"
"Dat old gag—about time buh' money ain't so."
"W'y ain't it?"
"W'y, if it was, you an' med have Rockefeller's fortune lookin' like a Chadwick autograph, dat's w'y!"

Don't Blame Him.
Flipperty—"Why did you engage that stenographer? She can't spell at all."
Floppy—"I know it, but I dictated a test letter to her in which I used the word 'Christmas' several times and never once did she write it 'Xmas.' So I hired her at once."

By No Means.
"Five dollars," said the medium; "thanks. Now a spirit wishes to speak to you; a female spirit; would you like it materialized?" "Er—can you tell who it is?" "Certainly! It is your mother-in-law." "Lord, no. Here's another five dollars. Don't!"—Fort Worth Record.

Not Suitable Material.
"Don't make your nest of that," warned the first mouse.
"Why not?" queried the other, who was busily tearing a piece of paper to bits.
"That's a piece of Wagner's music and it'll give you insomnia."—Houstou Post.

Emphasis on the "Man."
"Well," he said during their quarrel. "I suppose you'll be wanting a divorce next."
"Really," she replied, coldly, "I don't see why it should be necessary in this case. A woman doesn't need a divorce unless she has been married to a man."

A Bas the Whistler.
Exygo—"Here's a headline saying 'Man Stopped by Whistling Bullets.'"
Grouch—"Yes, and if I had my way about the fellow that works at the desk next to mine there'd be a headline some of these days, 'Man Stopped Whistling by Bullets.'"

Not in the Pugilistic Line.
Bull—"Yes, Miss Lang mentioned to me last night that she knew you. By the way, I never knew before that you were a pugilist."
Cadley—"I a pugilist?"
Bull—"Yes; she told me you were a 'lightweight.'"

The Only Way to Account for It.
Elsie—"The richest girl in England was married a few days ago to a poor young man who has no title and has no prospect of getting one."
Maude—"My gracious! What a fright she must be!"

You Can't Always Tell.
"It's pretty safe bet that any woman who doesn't gush over a pretty baby is a confirmed old maid."
"Not always. She may be a mother who has a baby she thinks is prettier."

Where the Rub Comes In.
Untraveled Youth—"I believe I will go to Florida next week. What is the fare?"
Traveler Elder—"Young man, if you had enough to pay your board after you got there, you wouldn't ask about such a trifling incidental as the railroad fare."—New York Weekly.

She Found Out.
Polly Price—"I went to a fortune teller to find out whom I was going to marry."
Dolly Wyse—"So did I. And I found out."
Dolly Price—"Oh, what fortune teller did you consult?"
Dolly Wyse—"Bradstreet."

Nothing Strange.
Crabbe—"I admit I was pretty cranky yesterday. Did the girls say anything about it?"
Wise—"Oh, no."
Crabbe—"Funny they didn't notice my behavior."
Wise—"I don't suppose they saw anything unusual about it."

Sets a Hard Pace.
Jones—"Smith seems to be a nice fellow and yet you say he is unpopular in this neighborhood."
Brown—"Yes, he is. You see, he gets out and cleans the snow off his walk every morning, and the rest of us have to do the same."—Cleveland Leader.

An Impression Overcome.
Don't you sometimes think we are living too fast?
"No, I used to, but I soon cured that impression. I moved out to a suburb and rode in to work every day on an accommodation train."—Washington Star.

Progress.
Reporter—"Have you captured that thug yet?"
Detective—"No, but we've got his confession all prepared."—Cleveland Leader.

Her Remembrance of Mother.
Ethel—"Papa, my teacher says I'm getting more like mamma every day."
Papa—"Well, you mustn't talk so much in school, dear."

IN ARREARS.



He—I owe a great deal to that woman over there.
She—Your mother?
He—No. My landlady.

Malpractice.
Dr. Cutts—"I made an awful mistake when I diagnosed that man's case as appendicitis."
Dr. Slash—"What did the operation disclose?"
Dr. Cutts—"That he didn't have a cent."—Cleveland Leader.

Not Quick to Judge.
Cholly—"It was the first time I'd met Crabbe, mind you, and he actually began to talk to me. Hadn't been talking to him ten minutes, don't you know. What sort of fellow is he, anyway?"
Miss Pepprey—"Well, he's awfully slow, for one thing."

Not a Leading Man.
"I don't see," complained the sourette, "why he is called the leading man."
"Why shouldn't he be?"
"Because he has been following me about ever since I joined the company."

Willfully Misunderstood.
"I bought a couple of dozen champagne glasses for my husband today," began the talkative Mrs. Nuritch.
"Indeed?" replied Mrs. Knox.
"Where is your husband's saloon located?"—Philadelphia Press.

Her Mistake.
Neil—"I told him if he dared to kiss me he'd be sorry for it."
Hella—"And was he?"
Neil—"No. I was the only one who was sorry—sorry I told him."

Rather Too Thick for Tea.
Officer—"What is the complaint here?"
Orderly (offering basin)—"Taste that, sir."
Officer (tasting)—"Well, I think it's excellent soup."
Orderly—"Yes, sir; that's the trouble; they want to persuade us it's tea."—Glasgow Evening Times.

Easy to Guess.
"I have here an article on 'How to Manage a Wife,'" remarked a meek-looking man as he advanced to the editor's desk.
"You are unmarried, I believe," replied the editor.
"Yes; why?"
"Nothing; I merely thought so."

Going Out Just in Time.
"Goin' out, eh?" she sneered, after their quarrel.
"Yes," replied her husband, "I'm going to congratulate Ned Pilkinton."
"You're slow. The engagement was announced six weeks ago."
"Yes, but it was only broken off yesterday."

His Annual Exhibit.
Grayce—"Is Ferdie going to exhibit at the horse show this year?"
Gladys—"Yes; he'll probably exhibit in his usual manner."
Grayce—"How's that?"
Gladys—"Make an ass of himself."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Another of Its Horrible Effects.
New Boarder—"I wonder what makes all the people at this table so crusty?"
Regular Boarder—"You would be crusty too, if you'd had to endure as much bacon as we have."—Chicago Tribune.

To Be Sure.
"I'd like to turn my wife's pug dog, my daughter's cat and my mother-in-law's parrot all into one room and let 'em kill each other!"
"Ah, I see! Pet scheme of yours, eh?"

The Dear Girls.
"Jane seemed terribly affected when I told her her uncle was dead."
"Did you ever know Jane to be any other way?"

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Henry—"It may seem like presumption for me to pass upon your conduct; but Balaam was rebuked by his ass, you know. Furson—Yes; and every donkey thinks he may follow suit."

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